

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deede.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither.
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beauty from their cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweete beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:

As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night overshadow thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my Husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband.
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard the Third.

La. His better doth not breake vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he.

La. Name him *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature.

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere.

Shee spitteth at him.

Why doeſt spit at me?

La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,

Out of my sight thou doeſt infect my eyes.

Glo. thine eyes sweete Lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a liuing death:

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt tear

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to friends nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete smoothing words

But now thy beauty is propolde my fee;

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to sp

Teach not my lips such scorne, for they were made

For kissing Lady not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot for giue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharpe poynted swerd;

Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that a dorneth thee:

I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: *He*

Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *fall*

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

La. I haue alreadie.